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Back and Foreward

Fall brings time for another look back and a look forward. Behind us we find Mount students winning honors: Kathleen Earl second in the nation from Atlantic for "Torrey Pines Cliffs," this issue; Judy Krommer a third for "Pilate" (Westwords 2:3); Judy Weber and Ann De Vaney, fifth places for essays on Joyce and Shapiro (1:2). Remembering that about 85 colleges from every state enter nearly 1000 manuscripts each year, we feel proud.

Mounties besides have 7 honorable mentions, and 20 merit papers from Atlantic. Of these, Westwords has published Marguerite Roth's, Julie Wilson's, Pat Dern's. We have also printed stories published by Today: Pat Fitzgerald's (1:10), and Georgina Foerst's national first (3:1). Here are 1961 winners.

Atlantic National Contest

Second place	Kathleen Earl	"Torrey Pines Cliffs"
Honors	Sister M. Sean, C.S.J.	"Roo"
Honors	Kathleen Earl	"The Clod"
Merit	Marianne Stanley	"Surrealism"
Merit	Kathleen Earl	"Rouault's Hideous Sights"
Merit	Enid Evans	"The Mass in Dante"
Merit	Ock Hyang Byun	"Paradise for Men"

Cabrini Contest

First Poem	Kathleen Earl	"Torrey Pines Cliffs" $150
First Essay	Peggy Susan Beauclair	"A Pattern of Rhymes" $200 (in Westwords 3:3)
Second Poem	Helen Jaskoski	"The Puritan Soul" $100 (in Westwords 3:3).
Third Essay	Kathleen Earl	"Rouault's Hideous Sights" $50
Third Story	Eunice de Souza	"A True Tale of the Tiger" $50 (in Westwords 4:1)

Honors: Kathleen Earl, "The Clod"; Sharon Bowen, "Cindy"; Betsy Fleming, "Women in Crime and Punishment"; Kathleen Earl "Molokai Chant" (3:3).

Mount Winners in Cabrini Guild Contest have, in five years, collected $2100.00 for 7 first prizes; 5 seconds; 8 thirds; and 16 honorable mentions.

Looking forward we dream of doing even better; of appearing, perhaps in national journals such as Renascence (B. Selna 1955); The Explicator (M.J. Storm 1956); Today (Pat Fitzgerald now Sister Rachel Marie, C.S.J., Georgina Foerst, Luann Jones). As we finish we discover that Marguerite Roth '60, now studying law, is in the latest College English Ass'n Critic with an essay on "legalese."

So stands the record. The past says that the Mount gleams from its height with good writing; the future says to put that light high on its lampstand again in the new year.

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Torrey Pines Cliffs

o
over
there
where
the fog-
sheeted
fitful sleeping sea
snores sonorously
asprawl a gritty
bed, head breaks hoary
against the nightmare
rocks, seaweed hairs
o limply drift ashore
down --sea serpents roar
there in a seething sleep
where and the dreaming sea
the sea- trembles then wakes.
bursting
shells lie
crack-crusted on
crests of froth,
sea-sand cliffs,
kelp tangles, milkweed,
glittering glass on
flea-fretted shore
and dumb-jawed caves---
like greyshell chapels
o vaulting foam altars,
to be pearl-Host and brine incenses,
there swollen with sea-organ's roars as
where gust-grey celebrant gulls pipe
the sun- shrill their sea-long litanies.
bleached
bone-white
cuttle cliffs cut
the drifting mist,
sift the salt-sharp
wind, comb the snarling
seaweed hair with wispy
scrubpines' prickling
pins-and-needles, while
with gnarled and knotted
fingers, windtorn torreys
twist sea, salt, wind, sand,
fog, shells, and silver sun
into a single shining strand.

Kathleen Earl

SECOND PLACE ATLANTIC NATIONAL CONTEST

The shape is notable for being devised so that one must read up backwards from the end of each to the next--this has a physical effect, in addition to the well-made wording. Hearing the poem, one would feel the shape; seeing the poem, one hears it, too, and with the words as chosen, one sees, hears, and feels to an extraordinary extent.

John Holmes, poet, Atlantic judge

A True Tale the Tiger Did Not Tell

Eunice de Souza

CABRINI PRIZE $50

His people lived in the forests of the Spukhar Rangeland where the hoot of an owl harried their slumbers and filled their waking dreams with evil to come. Tigers they could see and dare or climb the nearest tree. But what could one do against evil spirits that hooted and hunted at night? So this son of the loins of a hundred Gonds was christened Gaurwa (rubbish heap) and called Baiga, so that any unhallowed spirit, prowling in the wakes of the night might be confused. There in the shades of the serai and mahua snd harra he lived and grew, living the unhurried happy life of the forests, always preferring his village fairs to his melon patch by the nalls. It was from the fair at Malumjhola that he was coming now, well ahead of the rest of the company from the village. He had no use for those elders with their wagging tongues. They called him lazy. What did they do, he would like to know, besides chew betel nut and sleep?

Baiga, however, could not be serious for long. He spat, put all thoughts of the company out of his mind and was happy again, for he had drunk three paus. The fire was still in his liver, a song in his throat and a woman in his song.

For your lover such fine stitches
And for your husband such large ones.
Oh dillo, dillo----oooh.

His voice was full of the freedom of the forest, and the long waiting ooh ended like the ripple in a pond.

It was almost at the same time that Sher Khan, the tiger had crossed the nalla higher up. The momesa might miss a touch, the seismograph an earthquake. Sher Khan could not miss the sound of Baiga for he came like the echoes of thunder.

Sher Khan was hungry. To him, these two-legged things whose loudest shout was lower than the 'rr' of his roar and whose softest whisper was like the beating of drums to waiting ears in the forest, were coarse. Cheetal was juicier and Sambhar sweeter--if he could catch them. But he would get his man. So like a dead thing he waited with edging ears, till Baiga came. Then with a roar that sent Baiga's nerves scampering, he sprang. The song wilted with fear as the claws closed on him and the teeth pitted his flesh.

Sher Khan stood over the fallen Baiga, waiting for the least

move. But Baiga did not move. Mahua fire might fuddle his mind, but not fear. He had dodged the spooks for six and twenty years. As he lay there he became a child of the forest again. He lay still. Sher Khan dragged Baiga behind a bush and patted him with his paw. It pained Baiga now, but not an eyelid murmured.

Satisfied, Sher Khan strode away. Bara Dee, was that beast going away? Mother, it was coming back. It stood and watched him. He could feel it through his closed lids. And then it went back and came again, back and came again. And in the mind of this forest man a scheme was born. He would unhook his horn when the tiger moved away and lie still when he was about to turn. And he did, his heart timing Sher Khan like a metronome. Oh Mother, at last it was done. And when Sher Kher was at the end of his beat, Baiga sprang up with one great bound, took a big breath and blew tu-tu-ru-tu-tu-ru-tu.

The sound of serried squeals smote Sher Khan like scorpions. With one arched rear he sprang and raced his urgent heart into the wood. Baiga climbed into a tree and waited. That son of a cross-mouthed hyena had torn his new short coat. Then came human voices he knew like salt with his rice.

By the well with your gagariya
Oh Dillo, Dillo----ooh.

II

Under the great banyan tree Sher Khan lay, his heart pounding his sides as he licked his paw. A great fear was in him so that when a squirrel suddenly chirruped he leaped. But when he saw only a squirrel again he sat down. For a long time he sat with his paws, licking and dreaming. He dreamed of his Bagni whom he had first seen with her almost russet November coat. He was young then and liquid fire was in his body. And the forest was loud with the roar of his rivals, two others also with bedlam in their blood. All day and all night they had roared and fought, knowing neither fear nor weariness nor hunger. Till morning came and one of them lay like a cloth doll that some child had taken apart, and the other had carried his torn body away.

He and Bagni had lived three long years in the hollow of the rocks near a thousand armed banyan such as the one he was sitting under now. How they hunted and bred and the cubs had grown to youth and youth to fire and had slowly left the long known lair. Till one year when the sap in the trees climbed slowly, and the banyan put out little red leaves like tongues, they came these two-legged things, with their drums and shouts, girdling them. How he and Bagni roared and the drums beat louder and quicker, and they were driven into an opening and suddenly thunder and smoke smote them, Bagni falling still, while something strong and swift struck his flank with fire.

He had roared and run into his lair and had lain till the sun

set and set again. All the while pain and hunger gnawed him. Till he heard voices. Those tailless things again. They thought he was dead and came, bent into his lair and he suddenly sprang, roaring his blood-lust and stifling their screams with tearing claws, killing one, while the other ran. How in red rage he had torn the flesh of the fallen thing, and later had eaten his hunger away. From then on he had eaten mainly man.

He remembered he was hungry now. The sun had passed to its rest. He could hear drums and voices. It was from Achanakmar. He rose, furring his skin, and stretched his long lean limbs, and stalked his way with eider-down tread into the village. He lay near a garden patch and watched the forest people dance their loved Baila. In and out, out and in they went while the sticks went click-clack, click-clack, and the woods and hills echoed with their song--song full of the joy of open spaces and love and mellow primeval sadness. On and on they went, now rippling out now gathering in like surge, their voices rising and falling with the pulse of the drums. Till a woman stood up with her child of three and moved away from the crowd. The house was still to be swept where they slept. The little one walked with sleepy steps and the mother coaxed it along. Sphinx-like, Sher Khan waited and as the mother and child came into the shadow of the harra tree he sprang on the child.

Like a flame in the forest went that mother's cry into the night. The drums died and the voices took up the cry: Sher Khan! Sher Khan! The men ran for sticks and axes, and the women gathered their children into the nearest house.

In that land where death is swift or lingering, where life yet goes on as if only a ripe fruit had fallen, that child was still hers and that woman still a mother. And Sher Khan had taken her noni. With terrored cries she followed the tiger through the scrub and field and ditch and nalla, running, running. Near a new-cleared field Sher Khan put the child down. He was not as strong now and his flank was aching. While he lay panting came the mother frenzied with love and terror. As she saw Sher Khan she wailed loudly, chilling birds and beasts of less fierce breed. She did not wait. Straight at Sher Khan she ran. What spirit of old chivalry rose in him, seeing a woman in wild distress one cannot say: of these days before his kind tasted flesh and the beasts of the burgeoning forest chose him king. Sher Khan roared, hesitated, backed and then leaped into the bushes.

The mother gathered up her child and, exhausted, fell to the ground, wailing softly to her noni . . . So the villagers found her. Next morning they buried the little one at the same spot, leaving a little rice and dal.

III

For many months Sher Khan hunted man and beast, roving the

ranges of the Supkhar and Baihar and Lamta, taking a man from his wife, a calf from her mother, trailing terror. He won a niche in the Gazette of the Province with a special offer for his death. Hunters for the love of sport, lesser breeds of sportsmen, Maharajas with their cars and cameras and parasites, and civilians. And a duke from far away England, bringing his offering of high powered savage firearms to this royalty of the jungle. They came and they went away empty.

Sher Khan did not like publicity. He crossed the Bisonghat and over away into the Saletekri forests. There his sands nearly ran out. He had not seen an animal, not even the jackal for miles. He was wondering why the forest was so hushed. Till they came, the dreaded blood hounds, like shadows, the most terrible of all hunters, at whose distant scent every beast fled to its lair as rats flee before the plague. They were lower down the wind and Sher Khan, as he sat by a fallen mahua tree, missed their terrifying scent.

It was when a twig snapped that he knew. Like a glider from a catapult he sprang upon the fallen mahua and climbed, while the dogs leaped and snarled and yelled at him. Sher Khan roared his weak wrath for fear was numbing him. Six feet above he waited. In a circle sat the dogs, now and again moving, watching all the time. For many hours they sat. But blood hounds are wanderers, and when the sun crossed over the forest the pack followed the leader away.

Sher Khan stayed for many more hours. When the forest took its first breath in the early hours of the morning, Sher Khan crept down and went along the nalla bed to the river. That whole month he lived on Gonds and one Nagarchi. He visited Baiga's village--Baiga, who knew where the jungle fowl lay its three little eggs, and who with his muzzle loader and license only for crop protection, had tracked and hunted tiger and bear and panther till in the ranges his fame as a shikari had spread. Often, where only the bhimraj chanted its notes, waited Baiga, with his calf tied as bait. But Sher Khan did not come. He sensed danger in the hills and kept away.

Then Baiga made a mighty resolve. He would tie his own eight year old son as a draw. Where the Sambhar track crosses the nalla he tied his son to a tree. With a birch from the bamboo he whipped his son till his cries pierced the forest. On a tree nearby Baiga waited. The boy yelled with pain and fear. When he stopped, Baiga's birch bullied him.

Like the yells of the lone Jackal the cries of the boy were wafted away. Baiga had not long to wait. Like Sambhar to the salt lick came Sher Khan. Warily, in the wake of the small palm bushes. When he saw the lone boy his lust gurgled in his throat and he growled sharply. The lad screamed and struggled against the bakal ropes

continued on p. 17

Maria

perched on the bare branch of a patient tree
i watched for you. thus i dreamt and thus
far away through the spider net of twigs
i saw you appear. billowy with sleep
you slid over oblivion and the wind
waved the cloudy robes trailing
at your sleeves. you were there now but
so tiny then
through muteness i understood calm and my
tears fell faster than dying leaves.
ting the door shut and you left.
quickly i felt longing screechingtearing and
jagged. swirling colors madly twirling
leaves and birds. it wasn't right
je t'aime ta maison maria
o comme c'est beau dans le ciel
j'adore ca
parce qu'il y a les beaux oisiaux
qui volent autour de moi
je suis une petite fille qui vole
dans le ciel
de belles ailes de beaux yeaux.

Jonathan Swift

His pen drips bitterness, he rhymes
Cruel words that only he remembers.
God takes a crooked stick like him, sometimes
To stir Life's smouldering embers,
Then lays this bent, misshapen wood,
Its duty done, upon the pyre,
To be consumed with the fire
In one brief blaze of glory.
The Satirist has told his story.

Now whether the high leaping flame
Is from the crooked stick we name,
Only the burning fire can tell--
And it conceals the secret well.

Carlisle Sullivan

The King Must Die

Sister John-Mary, C. S. J.

In 1958 Mary Renault released The King Must Die (Pantheon Books, Inc., 1958), her second historical novel written in the setting of an ancient Greek civilization. In this novel Theseus, a legendary hero and King of Athens, narrates events leading to the attainment of his kingdom. Although at first glance the book appears to be but the garnishing of a well-known myth, all but the superficial reader will recognize the literary value of the narrative. The readers who would be "archeologists" and explore beneath the surface of the myth will unearth real treasures--ethical values, a vivid treatment of nature, realistic characterizations, and a powerful unifying theme. The last mentioned will be the subject of this paper.

By entitling her book The King Must Die, Mary Renault gives a portent of the tragic element pervading her novel, an element common to mythical themes. Death viewed in this narrative, however, ends with a note of hope, of new life. It is this death-birth theme pivoting around the moira, the fate assigned by the gods to each individual, that not only unifies the novel, but also resolves the question as to why the king must die. Through the medium of the moira the reader observes Theseus as he advances from conception to young manhood. The moiras of the King Horse, Aithra, Kerkyon, Minos, and Aigeus in particular evidence this growth.

As a small boy Theseus first encounters a moira. The King Horse, a stallion which "had never been haltered, and was as wild as the sea" and which "belonged to the god" (p. 4) of the sea, Poseidon, is offered in sacrifice. Theseus feels a close affinity to the horse, believing that both it and he were begotten of Poseidon, and that therefore they are brothers. As he watches the horse writhe in death, Theseus so unites himself to the sacrifice that the "blood seemed to tear the soul out of my breast, as if my own heart had shed it" (p. 11). Grief-stricken, Theseus listens as his grandfather, King Pittheus, explains to him the significance of the sacrifice.

Pittheus relays to his grandson a tale first told to him by his great-grandfather of how their people, once a wandering tribe of the northern steppes, had followed a sacred stallion which led them into the southland. There they overthrew the Shore People and seized their territory. All this they accomplished "by the will of All-Knowing Zeus, because this was the place of their moira" (15).

When Theseus inquires the meaning of moira, Pittheus responds:

"Moira? The finished shape of our fate, the line drawn round it. It is the task the gods allot us, and the share of glory they allow; the limits we must not pass; and our appointed end. Moira is all this" (16).

Pittheus then continues with the story of how the King Horse, guided by the gods, showed the way to new pastures, and when his work was finished, he was sacrificed to the gods. In days gone by it was the same with the king victim. In conclusion Pittheus emphasizes the difference between the two sacrifices:

Horses go blindly to the sacrifice: but the gods give knowledge to men. When the King was dedicated, he knew his moira. . . It is not the sacrifice, whether it comes in youth or age, or the god remits it; it is not the blood-letting that calls down power. It is the consenting, Theseus. The readiness is all. It washes heart and mind from things of no account, and leaves them open to the god (16).

Theseus must always carry with him this concept of consent as the intrinsic value of sacrifice and as the source of power. Pittheus having finished his explanation, an understanding and appreciation of the customs of his people replace Theseus' grief over the King Horse.

Several years later Theseus learns of an even greater moira, the one to which he owes his life. Desiring to know the identity of his father, Theseus approaches and questions his mother, who in turn directs him to his grandfather. As a child Theseus had boastfully claimed Poseidon for his father, but now his mind seeks the true details of his begetting, heretofore withheld from him. Pittheus relates to his grandson the story of his conception.

When Theseus' mother was counting her fifteenth summer, Troizen was enduring a long period of drought.

The grain was small in the ear, and the grapes were like hedgerow berries: the dust lay deep, so that men's feet sank in it, and nothing prospered but the flies. And with the drought came a sickness, which sparing the old, took children and maidens and young men (47).

In order to ward off this apparent anger of the gods, the people chose, flogged, and expelled a scapegoat, "but still no rain fell, and the children died" (47).

Further efforts to propitiate the gods having failed, the priestess of the goddess proceeded to Pittheus and informed him that the Mother Dia, the earth mother, was angered and that a sacrifice was imperative in order to appease her. Aithra, his daughter, had been a woman for two years and had not yet consecrated her maidenhead. The priestess then commanded Pittheus to "send Aithra to the Myrtle House, and let her not refuse the first comer, whoever he may be . . . or Mother Dia will not relent till this is a childless land" (49).

Pittheus at this time was entertaining a royal guest, King Aigeus of Athens, who was traveling to his own kingdom. The two men discussed the current dilemma and agreed to a plan whereby Aigeus would be the first to the Myrtle House so that Pittheus would have a grandson of decent blood and Aigeus an heir, whom he had so long desired.

Pittheus explained to his daughter the sacrifice demanded of her, and Aithra "did not complain; it was a little thing indeed, she said, to do for the children" (49). The scheme to have Aigeus arrive at the Myrtle House first was withheld from her for "she must go consenting to the sacrifice, or it will lose its virtue" (50). That night, Pittheus himself rowed his daughter to the place of sacrifice. He thus describes his departure from her:

> I kissed her and said, "To such things as this people of our kin are born; it is our moira. But if we are faithful, the gods are not far away." So I left her, and she neither wept nor clung to keep me and as she went from me, thus consenting, into the dark house, Zeus thundered in heaven, and the first of the rain began to fall (51).

And so the drought ended: Aithra had satisfied the gods. From the maiden's dying to self, the crops burst into new life and the "wombs of Troizen (no longer) lost the fruit of labor" (48). Besides a rebirth in nature, another fruit of Aithra's moira was a son, Theseus, destined to become a leader of his people.

Having thus learned from his grandfather that Aigeus is his father, Theseus determines to travel to Athens and proclaim his sonship. Enroute to the city, he is halted in the market place of Eleusis by the people who stand "in a solid wall" (63). In the midst of the crowd walks the queen and priestess, whose secret name is Persephone; she informs Theseus that he has come "fulfilling the omens, on the day when the King must die" (64), to which he replies,

> High Lady, if your lord's sign calls him, what has that to do with me? What god or goddess is angry? No one is in mourning; no one looks hungry; no smoke is in the sky (64).

Perhaps in so speaking, Theseus is remembering that his mother had embraced her moira in order to appease the anger of the gods and thus to end a drought which had brought hunger and sorrow to her people.

In accordance with the custom in Eleusis, Kerkyon, a one-year king, must die in order to assure the cycle of fertility for one more year. Theseus conceded that "his lifethreads are crossed" (68) with Kerkyon's, and so he becomes the instrument of the king's moira. As the queen leads him to prepare for a combat of wrestling unto death with Kerkyon, Theseus ponders:

> What am I doing. . . Where is this woman leading me? To kill

the man who killed someone last year, and lie with her four seasons till she fetches my killer to me? Is that my moira? (65)

During the match Theseus' anger subsides and he consents to the planning of the gods. As the incumbent king succumbs under his wrestling skill, Theseus knows it is but the fulfillment of the moira of Kerkyon who has "put his life into the corn" (69).

After the spectacle, the people go in procession to the sea for Theseus' blood cleansing. As Theseus floats on the water, he invokes Poseidon, "Blue-Haired Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, Horse Father! . . . if you were there at my begetting, lead me toward my moira" (73). Theseus emerges from the water, symbol of cleansing and of life, a nominal king of a matriarchal society. He prays Poseidon to be his "friend in this land of women" (73) in which he is to be king.

The expiration of a year witnesses, not a repetition of Kerkyon's moira, but the collapse of the matriarchal society in Eleusis and the triumph of a masculine domination. The queen, perceiving the leadership qualities and determination of Theseus, abandons her throne and sails for Corinth. The old society dies to be replaced by a new.

Theseus, now pursuing his own destiny, establishes a vigorous Eleusis with himself as king and with men as leading officials. As monarch, Theseus effects an alliance with Athens, the kingdom of his father, who publicly and solemnly proclaims him as his son. During a visit with King Aigeus, Theseus learns of a strange tribute which must be paid by the king. Each year Cretain ships dock at Athens to collect seven youths and seven maidens in retribution for the killing of a Cretan prince in a brawl. The victims are chosen by lot to go to Crete as bull-dancers. This particular year the Cretan officials, by some oversight, include some of the visiting Eleusinians in the lottery. Angered that he is unable to secure their release, Theseus joins them and takes his chances with the rest.

Tension heightens as, one by one, six in turn are named, and Theseus does not hear his own name called. Then fearing lest his father had not inscribed his name on the lot, Theseus invokes the god, "Earth-Shaker! Father! If you have been robbed of any offering, tell me, and show me what to give" (163). Awaiting a return message, Theseus, hears "as if it rose from the depths of the earth, the sound of the sea-surge, waves that mounted and broke in hissing foam and their sound said, 'The-seus! The-seus!' Then he knew what the god was asking" (163). Is this to be his moira? a bull-dancer rarely survives beyond six months; in fact, "it was said that if a dancer lived three years, the Goddess set him free" (215). Theseus sees fading all his plans for Athens, his hunting trips, his women, his beautiful horses,

the vivid rage of battle and the victory song. And he rebels, "The god cannot mean it. He sent me here to be King" (163).

Although Theseus views this sacrifice demanded of him by the gods, still he hearkens to the voice of Poseidon who yet claims him as a loyal son. Theseus reaches for the last lot, crosses out the name and inscribes his own, bravely surrendering himself to the sacrifice.

Turning his gaze to his father, Theseus beholds "the face of a man who has got his death-wound" (165). King Aigeus wishes to annul the decision of the lottery, but his son persuades him that it is Poseidon's doings.

> What the god wants me for, I do not know. But if a man came back from the bulls of Minos, he would have offered life many times for the god to take and many times renewed his dedication. Then perhaps power might come to him, to lead the people . . . I will be such a king as that, or else I will be nothing (165-166).

Theseus boards the ship decked with the black sail of sacrifice. Once at sea he assumes the leadership of the Athenian group of bull dancers. They bind themselves under oath to loyalty to the group and determine to excel in the art of the dance in order to prolong their lives. All the while Theseus is advancing closer to his own Moira which is to be intertwined with fate of Minos, King of Crete.

Soon after acclimating himself to his surroundings at the palace, Theseus has a premonition that it is to a decadent Crete that he has come. His premonitions are verified one night in conversation with Ariadne, Minos' daughter, who is both goddess and priestess. Having fallen in love with Theseus, she leads him with a thread through the labyrinth of the palace where they hold nightly rendezvous. From her Theseus discovers the spiritual death of Crete where "all the sacred rites had become like play, or mere court trappings" (250). The political chaos is also verified when Ariadne startles him with the assertion that the goddess Peleia "sent you here to Minos" (251). When Theseus reproaches her with the fact that it is her own father who is king, Ariadne replies, "He is dead. Dead alive" (251) for he is a leper.

Ariadne then tells how her half-brother Asterion, the bastard son of the dead queen, is plotting the overthrow of the kingdom. Though Minos reigns, Asterion rules. However, two major obstacles thwart Asterion's complete possession of the kingdom. He "can only reign by right of the Mistress" (264), Ariadne, who has always hated him. Then, too, he "was never dedicated . . . He has not yet consented to make the sacrifice" (252); if the god were angry, Asterion would not offer himself. Force and intrigue must replace for him the power from the gods.

With such information Theseus enlarges upon his plans of

escape from Crete and of vanquishing Asterion. He continues his relationship with Ariadne who eventually maneuvers a meeting for him with her father. During the interview Theseus explains how he, "a King and a King's son" (262), came to Crete by lot as a bull-dancer.

> I was sent by the god. He gave me his sign to sacrifice for the people . . . A good Shepherd will give his life for the sheep (262, 263).

Stretching his thoughts into the future, Minos replies, "Out of death, birth. You are what must come. I question it no longer" (263). Minos foresees Theseus as the hope of Crete and as the instrument of his own moira. Minos has observed the gradual deterioration of Crete; he grieves for the people and worries for the safety of his daughter.

Remembering the greed of Asterion, Minos narrates how as a child this "black Bull-calf branded with our shame" followed him "like a shadow" (264). Not only is he the son of a bull leaper, but he looks so much like a bull that he is called the Minotaur. Minos agrees that Ariadne should escape with Theseus to Athens where they can secure help from Theseus' father for the deliverance of Crete.

Before Theseus has completed his plans, however, Minos again summons him and informs him that the time of deliverance for his people is at hand. He will no longer postpone his sacrifice at the people's needs.

> These two years now, every breath I have drawn has fed my enemy. I have only lived to keep my daughter from him. Not one of the Kindred dared to offer for her; not one dared stand between him and the Gryphon Throne. Now I have found a man, why give him a day longer? Take care of her (274).

Though "in Crete no king had been sacrificed for two hundred years" (250), Minos now offers himself as an oblation for the life of his daughter, for his people, and for the birth of a new Crete.

Minos commends himself to the gods, and Theseus swings down Mother Labrys, a two-headed ax, which decapitates the king, thereby releasing him from his "prison" and transporting him to a new life "beyond the River" (275). Having cooperated in the fulfillment of Minos' moira, Theseus hastens into the fresh air and muses to himself:

> . . . in a little while when I could think, I was glad for him. I saw the gods had set upon him a mark of honor, now he had made the offering at the people's needs. Thus they may turn to men at last . . . So may they do at the very end, even with me (276).

His own moira is ever before him.

Theseus leads the rebellion Minos had hoped for and is providentially assisted by Poseidon's earthquake which destroys the palace. In hand-to-hand combat Theseus crushes forever the Minotaur and all his evil intent. After the victory, the small band of dancers heads

sea-ward where they board the ship which will return them to their native islands.

Anticipating the joys awaiting him on his return to Athens, Theseus suddenly recalls the departing words of King Aigeus, his father.

> If that day (of return) comes, paint the sail of your ship white. I shall post a lookout on Sounion Head. When his beacon burns, the god will have a message for me. A white sail. Remember (166).

Theseus weighs carefully the meaning of these words for he knows that his father has grown old and weary long before his time. And he fears that if he "paints the sail, he shall never look again on his living face" (331). Depressed by the magnitude of his decision. Theseus consults the gods.

> I stripped off my clothes, and waded into the cold spring sea, and struck out from the shore. "Father Poseidon!" I said. "I have been in your hand, and you have never told me wrong. Send me your sign now, if I am to go with our dark sail. If you keep silence, I will do as he bade me, and make it white" (331).

Theseus places the decision with Poseidon, and continues his swim in the unruffled water. Suddenly,

> . . . a wave came bigger than the rest, and tipped down my head. I floundered before I could right myself, and began to sink. The sea closed over me. And then I heard plainly in my ears the sign of the god (331).

Theseus accepts this sign, and the ship sails for Athens with the black sail of sacrifice.

Aigeus, grief-stricken on beholding the black sail, leaps from a balcony to his death. In so dying, Aigeus reaches out to his own moira. Theseus believes that

> It was the god who sent the sign to him, as loud and clear as it came to me. We were both in Poseidon's hand; it was for him to choose (332).

Perhaps it is the remembrance of two remarks made by his father before his departure for Crete that occasion this belief. Had not Aigeus told his son at the time of the tribute that he did not put his name on the lot because he "fancied men saying forever after, 'He feared his son, who was a leader and a warrior. So at tribute time, he sent him to the bulls of Crete'" (165). Then too, before Theseus boarded the ship, King Aigeus murmured, "Such a king will be King" (166). That Aigeus possessed an awareness of his leadership and destiny to be king, Theseus is convinced. Power wells within his being as the kingship of Athens becomes a reality.

Just as Aithra, his mother, in fulfilling her moira, conceived

and brought forth Theseus, so Aigeus now embraces his moira in order to assure his son the fruition of manhood and to leave to him the kingship of Athens.

What was said of the sacrifice of the King Horse applies aptly to the moiras of Kerkyon, Minos, and Aigeus: "When he was past his best, a younger stallion would have come, and won the fight, and taken his kingdom. He would have died hard, or been driven from his people and his wives to grow old without honor" (14). Paradoxically, the king must die that Theseus may live and attain his destiny arranged by the gods. Theseus has yet to consummate his moira.

A TRUE TALE THE TIGER DID NOT TELL continued from pg. 7

that held him. Sher Khan was close now. As the kingfisher before he dives pauses, Sher Khan paused. The curve of Baiga's finger closed round the lever. There was a bang and a puff. Sher Khan did not begin his last jump.

A Problem in Metaphysics

I know today a thing or two
I didn't know before--
These things I've learned done changed me
So I ain't the same no more

I was me before I learnt 'em,
And I think I'm still me now,
So what happened in de middle?
I jus plain do' know no how.

Celine Hatcher '62

Hey Kid

Mildred Scruby '64

There we were as usual, waiting for Kay to pick us up. It was cold and I was trying to go over my Western Civ notes and keep warm at the same time. Finally she came.

As usual, Kay leaned over her books and unlocked the door. She was smiling. Yes, Kay had the nerve to be happy while I had troubles in everything from Western Civ to love.

"Hi," she said, as she shoved her dark hair back from her eyes. I stumbled into the back seat of the car mumbling my "Hi." I was not in a good mood. I sort of hate life unless things are going my way or if I have just been to a stag dance, play, or some such. Well, anyway, I started putting my books up on my lap in a neat pile.

Then Kay said, "What's new? Have you got a date for the dance? Mildred, did you see your friend? Guess what happened to me last night? Do you have that door locked, Myrtle? Well, last night I washed my hair and then put my little brother to sleep, then the doorbell rang. I wasn't dressed, kid, you know, just a bathrobe and a towel wrapped around my head. Well, honey, it was Pat. He had come a-calling."

Hallelujahs began to jump in my heart. Kay was going to tell about some handsome boy. I'm always interested in boys.

Myrtle said, "I thought you said that boys don't come to see you without calling first."

Kay, blushing, looked back at me and then said, "Well, kid, this is only the second time this has happened to me in my whole life. Well, anyway, my mother told him that I had just washed my hair. But he said, "I've seen girls with their hair washed before." So I put on some clothes and came out, so, honey, now I've got a date for the Founders' Day Ball."

"How wonderful," I replied painfully, and then showing my real feelings I added, "Some people have all the luck."

"I hope Camille's ready today," said Kay looking back at me again and adding, "Of course, that's impossible."

Before I go on I feel it my duty to tell you that Kay has some peculiar driving traits. Sometimes she crosses her legs while driving. This got me upset at first, in fact, quite sick. Now it's just part of existence. Often, when she's excited, she takes her hands off the wheel and looks back at me.

My response is, "Mother beloved! Kay put your hands on the

wheel; watch out, a car; I'm too young to die' Lord, I'm really sorry; murder . . . Amen."

But to our surprise, as we drove up, there was Camille in front of her home waiting for us. For a few laughs I began to sing, "Hurrah for Camille, get out the drums; everybody join in; Camille's ready today. Imagine that."

In her own sophisticated way she thanked me for all my enthusiasm. Then there was a quick change of pace because Kay threw in a new subject.

"Well, Camille, how's your Harvard love?"

This routine question rejuvenated me. Thomas, her handsome boyfriend, was now up for discussion.

"Well, I got three letters from Thomas Friday; they were just cartoons and two themes, which we're proud of. His professor has a lot of interesting criticisms. He got a B+ on one."

She began to read one of the themes which danced completely over our heads, but Camille understood it. She is our IBM machine. We question her about everything from logic to what meetings are being held that day. Then Kay had to ask me that dreadful question.

"Well, kid, you haven't told us about your friend. Did you see him yesterday, Mildred?"

"Yes, she saw him. She waited at the bus stop from 3:15 to 4:00 and rode all the way to Pacific Ocean Park," said Myrtle.

For a laugh I added, "Yes, well, you see I wanted to see Pacific Ocean Park by bus."

"Yeah, kid, yeah," said Myrtle.

"He's thirty-one," I said slowly.

"Kid, that makes him fourteen years older than you," Kay concluded logically.

Since I was trying to cover up the hurt, I said, "Si, si, senorita, he's much and many years older than me, and almost old enough to be my father."

As the car crawled up the hill, Kay said, "Don't sweat it, Mildred. Ha, ha, ha. Why don't you invite him to the Founders' Day Ball?"

As they laughed, I began to think of what Joe and I said last night. I was trying to find some loopholes. I started by asking him, "Is your wife still alive?"

"I wish she was dead." he said

This completely tore me up. There he was, the man I loved, wishing his very own wife was dead.

I tried again, "Have you or your wife ever been baptized?"

He stared at me. "I'm a Catholic, but my wife isn't. Are you?"

"Yes," I answered, thinking at the same time why couldn't

he and his wife be unbaptized pagans. Then maybe a divorce would work. Oh, it's no use. How could he let me fall in love with him?

He began talking as if he had read my mind. "Why are you so upset? Yeah, I'm a Catholic, but I don't have to worry. I'm not planning to get married, anyway not soon. But I gotta keep on living too, don't I?"

"Why don't you go back to your wife?" I said . . .

"Hey Mildred, hand me my books please. I said, hand me my books. What are you thinking about?" chanted Kay.

"Oh, nothing," I replied.

Weed

grey grey
trembling weed
ferny fingers
damply touch mine
(we know
it's not the fog
chills us)
hair thin branches
bear the greyness
we share
trembling

Kathleen Earl '64

Tragonnet*

Sunset!
And evening star are steeped in soggy clouds,
The Boundless Deep is filling fast; the ark
Must soon set sail, for when the flood enshrouds
The Bar--Well--after that--the Dark.
The Captain, warning, brings his craft about,
"No moaning here; no sadness of farewell."
What black and gnomist meanings draw from out
These dark sayings only he can tell.
He knows her tragic flaw--no sense of flow
Of Time and Place; a blind and brutal fate
Decreed that she should, lingering, tie a bow
On curly horn. We KNEW she would be late!
Sweet unicorn, alone on shrinking shore,
She sniffed a tear, and whispered--
Nevermore.

*This is the first,
Most likely the worst,
Of a genre I call
The Tragonnet

It isn't a play,
I am sorry to say
And it certainly isn't
A sonnet.

Celine Hatcher '62

henna-hair woman

woman
neveh no lady
set up on yo rooftop
comb yo henna hair

washed it
dried it in July
sun up on mah rooftop
sho do smart de eye

woman
neveh 'gin lady
why yeh on dat rooftop
why yeh sing an sigh

brushed it
copper mah hair is
shinin from mah rooftop
shinin most like his

woman neveh mo lady
aint yeh had no lover
aint yeh had no man

mah love
he was de first one
ah dont reck his name now
many since have come

woman woman
neveh no lady
why yeh moan an cry
woman woman
yeh must shine yo hair now
man stands on yo doorstep
nother climbs the stair.

You, My Love

A cluster of cypresses
my love is to me (Song of Songs)

You are the golden sun in the black cypresses,
You are moonlight in the midnight cypresses,

you are moonlight shining on my maiden's bed,
you are moonlight chaste on my white breast.

You are black cypresses outside my window,

guarding tall and silent.

You are strong branches, your arms are coolness

and peace; I am serene as the hushed everglade;
my joy descends from your branches as
the delicate moss.

I cling to you as the silver moss to the sacred

cypress clings.

Kathleen Earl '64

The Comedy's Growing Splendor

Margaret Selva '64

Man naturally gravitates toward the light. At night, when there is no sun to illuminate the world, he devises ways to dispel the darkness. Man seeks light, he is unhappy without it. In the Divine Comedy, Dante seeks light, although this light is more than natural sunlight.

At the beginning of the poem, he awakens in a dark forest, dazed and doubtful. He knows not where to turn. Looking in the distance, Dante sees a hill "clothed already with the rays . . . which lead men straight on every path" (Huse tr. Inf. 1:17-18). When Dante tries to climb this hill, he is thwarted--he cannot ascend the hill of light directly, but must seek it through the world "where no light shines" (Inf. 4:151); then through the land where both light and darkness are present, and finally to the land of eternal light.

The Comedy contains five types of light--natural sunlight, intellectual light, light of revelation, light of grace, and Divine Light. I will analyze these five light symbols, showing how Dante uses them in the three worlds of the Comedy.

The first section of this paper will deal with the Inferno, where all light is negated. Its geographic location at the center of the earth excludes natural sunlight. The darkened intellects of the damned souls banish intellectual light. Rejection causes the light of revelation to flee this infernal hole, taking with it the light of grace. Sinfilled darkness rules Hell, excluding Divine Light. The Inferno lacks all five types of light. This absence is most pronounced in the pit of Hell, the focal point of the Inferno.

The second section discusses the Purgatorio, a land of half light. The Mount of Purgatory bathes by day in sunlight, and by night dips into darkness. The souls herd possess unrefined intellectual light and must purify their minds to receive full knowledge of God. Their unperfected intellects veil the light of revelation. They partially possess the light of grace--sufficient for their salvation, but insufficient to see God. Divine light shines only mutedly for these souls, who, although free from sin, are still imperfect. At the top of Purgatory, all five types of light are present, but not in their fullest glory.

The third section is the Paradiso. It pictures a land ablaze with the light of God, both direct and reflected in His creatures. Natural sunlight assumes a role of minor importance. Brighter lights

outshine it. Intellectual light is at its peak, filling the mind to capacity. Revelation guides Dante through Paradise, becoming more brilliant as she approaches the Unrevealed Light. The light of grace penetrates all beings, reaching its fullest glory in the Source of Light. Flowing from the Light Supreme, all light blends together at the top of Paradise. At the very core, the Triune Light radiates unveiled, climaxing the entire Divine Comedy.

For his journey to the light, Dante has three guides. His first guide, Virgil, leads him down the gloomy descents of Hell, and up the laborious ascents of Purgatory. For traveling through Paradise, Dante has two guides. Both are personifications of revelation. The first, Beatrice, represents intellectual revelation, while the second, Bernard, represents infused revelation. Both serve a specific purpose: Beatrice guides Dante to the limits of the intellect, then Bernard shows Dante the way of infused knowledge. All three guides together lead Dante to the Light Supreme.

Dante's journey starts at the farthest point from Heaven--Hell. As Dante and Virgil enter the land of the condemned, they see "a light which dispelled a hemisphere of darkness" (Inf. 4:68-69). This light, the only one mentioned in the Inferno, is reflected from above. The dimmed light breaks the darkness for notable poets of the past who sought truth in their lives. Without the aid of revelation, they did not know God and died unbaptized. Their quest of the truth, though insufficient to merit eternal happiness, has prevented their being damned to total darkness and eternal torment. They are "not sad through torment but from darkness only" (Purg. 7:29-30), longing for the Sun whom they can know solely through the dim reflection from above.

After leaving this dull, uncertain light, the travelers come to "a place where no light shines" (Inf. 4:151). Each step downward takes them farther from light--natural, intellectual, or Divine. Hell becomes darker, colder, and more lifeless as the travelers near the core of the earth.

In their journey, Dante and Virgil pass through the circle of the lustful. It is "mute of all light" (Inf. 5:28), symbolizing the rejection of three types of light: natural, intellectual and revealed.

In their pursuit of carnal pleasures, these sinners shunned natural light. Under the veil of darkness, they committed their sins.

> For darkness, too, the adulterer waits, no eye must scan his muffled features; under cover of darkness he will break into the house to keep the tryst made yesterday; no daylight for him. To him, the first flush of dawn is death's shadow; deep gloom is the sunshine he walks by (Job 24:15-17, Knox).

They were ruled blindly by their carnal nature, subjecting "reason to desire" (Inf. 5:39), disregarding the warnings posted by

their intellect. They wanted only to follow the urges of passion. Neglecting the light of revelation, these souls overlooked the dictates of the Commandments; they plunged deep into sin. For evading light in life, the lustful must suffer eternal midnight.

The darkness which permeates the Inferno becomes more oppressive as the travelers descend. When they reach the circle of the heretics, they are confronted by burning tombs. The burning casts an eerie light, unnatural when compared to sunlight. The artificial light symbolizes the fallacy of the ideas pursued by heretics. They preferred to follow their own unguided minds rather than the light of revelation.

Leaving the heretics, Dante and Virgil travel downward "through all the dark circles of Hell" (Inf. 25:13) to the "lowest and darkest place, the one farthest removed from the Heaven that encircles all" (Inf. 9:28-29). The nethermost reach of Hell contains Lucifer, the embodiment of all that is without light.

In the very heart of Hell, there is absolutely no light--not of nature, nor of intellect; not of revelation, of grace, nor of God. Natural light is excluded by the geographic location of Hell at the center of the earth. Intellectual light is replaced by a perverted equivalent. Lucifer was created a Seraph--the highest order of angels. He possessed the brightest intellect of created beings. To prove his worthiness to be in Heaven the Creator put Lucifer's intellect to a test. Lucifer failed his test. According to the Comedy, "the source of the Fall was the accursed pride" of Lucifer (Par. 29:55-56).

When sin blackens the intellect, the light of revelation cannot shine. Revelation's light depends upon the ability of the intellect to receive this light. By blinding his intellect with pride, Lucifer banished the light of revelation.

The light of grace also is absent in Hell. In its place is a twisted reminder of the light of grace once rejected. Lucifer had once rejected. Lucifer had once been fair (Inf. 34:18), reflecting the favor of Divine Light. His very name, Lucifer, means the light-bearer (Latin, lucis-light, ferrer-to bring). Because of the pride, Lucifer rebelled against grace, preferring his own will to the will of his Creator. Forever he must keep the name Lucifer--a constant reminder of the grace he rejected and the God he defied.

He was the Prince of the Seraphim, the Highest Order of Angels who move and govern the nine spheres of Paradise. One of Lucifier's functions was to receive light from God, and to transmit it to the orders of creation beneath. When he rejected the Triune God, he was cast down to the center of the earth, an infernal antithesis of the Trinity of Light.

"The first proud one (Lucifer) who was at the peak of all creation, through not waiting for the light, fell unenlightened" (Par. 19:

46-48). Now he is damned to eternal darkness.

Dante and Virgil leave the Inferno by traveling through a passageway, "dark and with an uneven floor" (Inf. 34:99). Of his journey from Hell Dante says, "We climbed . . . to return to the bright world" (Inf: 34:134-136).

After journeying through the passageway, the travelers emerge on the opposite side of the earth, near the Mount of Purgatory. The first light they see is the bright light of the sun, warming the land with her rays--a direct contrast to the infernal dark of Hell. As they approach the shores of Purgatory, Dante and Virgil are confronted by the custodian, who asks why they are there. The keeper's face was brightened by "the rays of the four holy lights . . . as if the sun was shining on him" (Purg. 1:37-39). These lights encircle the head, indicating their intellectual character. Dante describes the lights as rays, indicating that they are not lights in themselves, but have their source somewhere above Purgatory. The description of rays like the sun illustrates that these lights are guiding beams to the Ultimate Light.

After passing the guardian, the travelers witness another light--brighter and stronger than before. This light comes directly from God through an angel who was "a light coming so rapidly over the sea that no flight could equal its speed" (Purg. 2:17-18). The intense light shines so brightly that Dante withdraws his eyes from it. As the angel comes closer, Dante's "eyes could not endure the light" (Purg. 2:39). This angel brings boatloads of souls to the shores of Purgatory. He represents the saving light of grace which men must have to enter the kingdom of Light. The light which he manifests is but a reflection of God in His glory. Intellectual light also radiates from the angel, symbolizing the enlightened intellect of souls who choose the saving light of grace.

When the travelers enter Purgatory proper, the light symbol becomes more evident, although it is more pronounced in some places than in others.

Purgatorial light does not shine with equal intensity at all times. It comes and goes as the sun rises and sets. During the day, the land is bathed in light; the souls labor to overcome their inclinations to sin. By night, they cannot labor, because "the sun's rays do not shine" (Purg. 5:4) and "going up by night is impossible" (Purg. 7:43).

Progress during the night is impossible because "the darkness of the night . . . makes the will powerless" (Purg. 7:55). The light present throughout Purgatory during the day is the light of grace, effective only in the souls that will it. At night when the light is absent, "the darkness of the night . . . makes the will powerless" (Purg. 7:55). Patiently, the souls must "await the new day" (Purg.

7:69) in order to continue their journey.

In addition to natural light and grace, revelation is present in Purgatory. Revelation leads souls to the Ultimate Light; Heaven is denied to those without this light. Virgil illustrates this when he says, "Not for doing, but for not doing have I lost sight of the Sun for which you long, and which is known to me too late" (Purg. 7:25-27). Virgil, who lived before Christ, was denied the light of revelation which leads men through grace to God. Since he did not have the light of revelation, Virgil can never enjoy the Light of Heaven. He admits his lack of light by saying, "There is a place down there not sad through torment, but from darkness only" (Purg. 7:28-29).

Walking through Purgatory, Dante and Virgil come to the ledge detaining the envious. Here the importance of light manifests itself with increased strength. In life, these souls permitted themselves to be blinded by envy; now they are punished by having their eyelids sewn together with wire. They walk supporting one another, begging for the Light of God. Dante speaks to them, consoling them by saying, "you are certain to see the light which alone is the object of your desire" (Purg. 13:86-87). They need only wait for "grace to clear away the scum" (Purg. 13:88). Since these people used light improperly in their lives, now "the light of heaven was denied them" (Purg. 13:69).

When Dante completes his journey through the seven ledges of Purgatory, he reaches the Earthly Paradise of Eden. Virgil and Dante will soon part. Unaided by revelation, Virgil's intellectual guidance can lead Dante no farther. For the rest of the journey, Dante is guided by revelation, personified by Beatrice.

As Beatrice arrives to lead Dante, Virgil departs--the natural Reason has fulfilled its task when it has led the soul into the presence of the Divine Wisdom of Revelation. A light flashing throughout the garden heralds the arrival of Beatrice. At first, Dante mistakes this light for lightning. Slowly he realized that it announces the coming of Beatrice.

Beatrice has come to lead Dante to the "splendor of the living eternal light" (Purg. 31:139). At first, the light of Beatrice's words dazzles Dante because his mind is darkened by the memory of sin. Beatrice commands that he drink of the water of forgetfulness. In asking about the water, Dante addresses Beatrice, "O light, O glory of the human race" (Purg. 33:115). After Dante bathes in the water, the darkness that "often dulls one's memory and had darkened the eyes of the mind" (Purg. 33:126) is removed. Dante is ready to follow the guidance of revelation to the Light Supreme. Returning from the waters, Dante was "pure and prepared to mount the stars" (Purg. 33: 145), to the "glory of Him who moves all" (Par. 1:1).

The light symbol, absent in Hell and muted in Purgatory,

comes to its fulfillment in Paradise. The Paradiso is ablaze with light. The blessed souls are even called "lights", a direct contrast to the "shades" of Hell. In Paradise, natural light passes unnoticed, outshone by the splendor of Beatific Light and its reflections in grace, revelation, and intellectual light. The light of revelation, personified in Beatrice, is Dante's guide through Paradise. Since revelation is Dante's guide, this light is always present. Dante is conscious of the light of revelation especially as they rise from one realm to another. With each succeeding rise, Beatrice becomes brighter; she is nearing the source of the Unrevealed Word. Moving upward, Beatrice "placed herself in the light [and] became brighter" (Par. 5:95-96).

Intellectual light, too, is clearly present in Paradise. The lights have intellects brightened by the Light of Truth. Their minds are "never satisfied unless the truth that includes all illuminates" them (Par. 4:124). Intellectual light reaches its peak, as does all the light in Heaven, when it is directed towards God. Before coming into the presence of the Source of all light, Dante is examined in faith to show that he understands what the Trinity is. The faith which Dante had on earth has been changed to knowledge, by "the grace which enlightens" (Par. 25:118).

Passing his examination in faith, Dante is allowed to enter the last heaven. Here, intellectual light and revelation fuse into one. The intellect is fully illuminated to understand all that is contained within revelation. All knowledge of God that can be gained through revelation has been acquired. Beatrice, as revelation, now transmits the care of Dante to Bernard--she has guided Dante to the fullest of her abilities. He, at this time, possesses an enlightened intellect and the fullness of revelation. He needs only the final light of grace to give him the strength needed to bear the vision of Eternal Light.

Dante cannot merit this final grace; it must come to the soul as an offering from God. For the reception of the final gift of grace, Dante must turn to Mary, the Mother of God. To show Dante the way to Mary, Beatrice has given him Bernard. Bernard, who had great love for Mary, commands Dante to gaze upon Mary: "Look now upon the face which . . . alone can prepare you for seeing Christ" (Par. 32:85-87). Since no creature pierces deeper into Divine Light than Mary, she is best able to intercede for Dante and obtain for him the final grace necessary to witness the Light Supreme. With the assistance of the light of grace, Dante sees God. His vision of the Light comes in degrees, increasing as he gains strength to endure the intense brightness.

As Dante gazes upon the Light with rapt attention, the Trinity itself begins to appear. In the depth of the light, Dante sees the Trinity--three circles of light of three different colors, all occupying

the same space.

Lost in ecstasy at the vision of God, Dante cannot find words to describe the Trinity. With his vision of the Eternal Sun, Dante's journey is complete. He has climbed down the perilous crags of Hell, up the winding paths of Purgatory, to the radiant world of Heaven. The Triune Light, emanating unveiled, completes the Divine Comedy. When the divine light is openly manifest, it eclipses all other light. The Light Supreme, seen directly, climaxes the growing splendor of light in the Divine Comedy.

Reflections on The Mount

They told me the view was terrific--
The mountains the sky, the Pacific.
"But because of the smog,"
Said a wise pedagogue,
"We usually see nothing specific."

Sister Mary, C. S. J.

In Logic Class

Nothing's never
a lot of bother
Like something always is.

That's because nothing simply isn't
Whereas something certainly is.

Something's always got to be
Analyzed, sized, categorized,
And what's more, memorized.

All this layin'
Upon the brain
I find
Is really quite a strain.

But ah, sweet nothing
Is grand relief:
Nothing required,
Nothing sought
For isn't nothing not?

Connie Anderson '64

CATHOLIC DAUGHTER'S AWARD

The Desert House

Sally Spriggs '61

Light shafts across the house front sent shadows creeping under the red-tiled roof. Bushes sprawled from the colonnade to cross the grassless yard. In the corner a lone oak, branches motionless in the sun, stood guard over a mud-brick fountain. A girl sat on the rim of the fountain, her back to the water. She trailed her finger in the dust.

She wouldn't go in, not just yet. Ann leaned back--thinking.

"Maybe I'll feel different after I sit here for a while." But she knew that wouldn't be true. It had happened before, an argument, a slammed door, the sound of horses hooves, the silence.

This morning, before daybreak, she had come down to start breakfast. Usually he was doing chores at this time, but today he was sitting with one foot against the edge of the table, cleaning his gun.

There was half a slab of bacon on the table. Ann picked up the knife and cut some pieces of meat. Placing them in the frying pan, she reached above the stove for the matches. They were gone.

"Peter," she said looking through the cupboard, "do you know what I did with the matches?"

He got up and walked to the corner of the kitchen. His saddle bag lay in a heap. He reached in it and pulled out the blue box.

"You're going to be gone quite awhile."

"What makes you say that?" was the reply.

"Do you think that a woman who has to watch food as closely as I do wouldn't know right away when it's missing?"

Peter walked to the stove and poured himself some coffee. "One of the men from Logan's ranch came by late last night. A mountain lion has been cutting into the herds and the ranchers are getting together this morning to track it down."

"You didn't say you'd go!"

"I had no choice!" Peter answered. "If it had been our ranch and our cattle I would expect Logan to do the same for me."

"Do the same for you or do the job for you? Which do you mean?" He had no answer for her. She shot on. "It's not the same with you. You're not like the others. They've been doing it for years. Hunting a mountain lion isn't new to them."

"It was new to all of them once and it'll always be new to me

unless I start somewhere!"

"But give yourself more time. Wait until you can handle the gun better. Wait until the wounds---"

He was angry now. He picked up his saddle bags, grabbed the rifle and walked to the door. Then he stopped and said, "It won't take long, maybe just a day or so.

She sat down at the table, her back to him. The door slammed. Minutes passed and the sound of horse's hooves cut the stillness. Then they died out. Ann lowered her head on her arms and let the silence crawl in around her.

Now she drew her finger through the dust, forming small trails. Why did he flare up at her every time she tried to tell him to take it easy, to let the ranch hands do the work, to avoid the dangerous jobs.

He was so different when she first met him. Through the two years before their marriage he had never had a cross word for her.

But now he wasn't the same man. He'd gone crazy these last two months. Ever since the spring round-up--no, she wouldn't let herself think about it.

Now she sat with the afternoon sun on her. She'd go today. She wouldn't wait for him to come back. If she went back East, he would see how stupid his attitude was.

Ann stood up and walked into the house. She climbed the stairs and went into the bedroom. A white envelope lay on the dresser. She picked it up. It was Peter's writing addressed to his father. Ann stared at it, trying to imagine how he would tell his father that she had left him. But she'd see Peter's parents first and persuade them to bring him back East.

Ann put the letter down. She pulled the suitcase out from under the bed and opened it. There were some dresses hanging on the pegs around the room. She took them off-brown, red. She held the red one to her nose. The smell of blood was gone after so many washings.

She reached for the next dress, the blue one she had worn that night. It had been snowing and she had been watching out the window for him to come. She could remember how she ran when the door bell rang.

He had heard that afternoon about a man, a westerner, who had come to town. The man had a ranch for sale. He had gone down to the land office to see about buying it. But he couldn't run the ranch by himself. Would she--?

Now she looked at her ring. How secure she had felt when he put it on her finger. She folded the dresses and laid them in the suitcase, went to the dresser and opened the drawer. There lay the train schedule. She had brought it back from town the week after it happened last spring. She had been so sure that he'd want to leave this place

and go home. But he wouldn't leave. He kept the schedule to show that he could always give up.

She looked at the clock on the dresser--two-thirty. The evening train would leave at five-thirty. She'd have time to finish packing, close up the house and drive to town.

She took her traveling suit off the peg and laid it across the bed. She ran her hand over it trying to remove the hanging wrinkles.

"I'll leave it here for a while. The creases will be smoothed out by the time I'm through downstairs."

An hour later, Ann had finished the dishes. She started upstairs. Three steps from the top, she turned around. Several horses came into the yard.

A heavy fist pounded on the door. "Mrs. Williams!"

"Oh, no." She could see it all again, the scene at the corral two months ago. She had heard cries then, too. She had come running to see a group of men bending over someone on the ground. She had looked for her husband, but he wasn't standing in the group. She pushed her way to the center of the circle. He lay there - white and bleeding. The foreman tried to explain -- man on foot--charged by bull -- ropes had been too late.

The voice and banging grew louder. She ran down the stairs.

"There's been an accident!" The foremen tipped his hat back.

Ann looked past him. There were three riderless horses in the yard.

"A killer horse attacked one of the wranglers. Your husband sent me ahead to say that we were bringing him here," he explained.

"How bad was he hurt?"

"He's been kicked in the chest," was the reply. "The other men with me are gettin' some poles and a blanket to bring him back on!" He left the porch and started toward the bunkhouse.

Ann closed the door and leaned against it. "At least--" but she stopped, "what will I say" I can't tell Peter the truth--not in front of those men."

She had it! She could say that she had received a letter. Her sister was sick and she was going East. She had to catch the five-thirty train. Nobody'd question that.

Ann turned and ran up the stairs. She wanted to be ready when they arrived. Peter could drive her into town around four-thirty. In the bedroom she slipped out of her dress. She put on the traveling suit, and stuffed her housedress in the suitcase.

She hurried back downstairs, opened the front-door, and watched the riders pull up in the yard. She walked out to meet them.

They were off their horses now. Some of the men were lifting the cowboy's stretcher. She could see the red splotches on the shirt above. the blanket.

"We'll put him on the couch in the living room," her husband called to the men. "We can patch him up there."

She stood watching them carry him in the door. Slowly she walked into the house. They laid the wounded man on the sofa. Logan unbuttoned the torn shirt. Peter brought a pan of water in from the kitchen.

"Ann, do we have any sheets that can be ripped up for bandages?'

"Upstairs in the bedroom." Before she could move, Peter was half way up the stairs, taking them two at a time. She watched him disappear into the hall. Seconds later the bedroom door slammed and he came downstairs on a run. He handed a sheet to her.

"Cut this up into strips."

She started ripping the sheet. Logan sat at the foot of the couch. His men and Peter's ranch hands sat on the edges of chairs or stood around the room. Peter was kneeling by the head of the couch, first washing the wounds, then fixing the pillows, then washing again.

Why was he showing concern over a stranger?

She held up the sheet strips. "Are these enough?"

"Yes, bring them over here," Peter answered.

She handed him the bandages. He started to wrap the strips around the man's chest. Ann watched him for a minute. Then she turned and went into the kitchen. She put a pot of coffee on the stove to boil and sat down at the table. Peter carried in a basin of water, went to the back door, and threw out the water.

"What time is it, Peter?"

He pulled his watch out of his pocket. "Four o'clock."

"I received a letter today. Alice is sick. I'm going to take the five-thirty train from town tonight."

"You'll have to leave in half an hour." His voice was lifeless.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll hitch up the wagon and take you in," he started toward the door. "You go get packed."

"Peter, is that all you have to say?"

He came back and faced her, across the table. "You have to go to your sister. What do you want me to say? I have something else to think about now."

"You've only seen him once or twice before. Why don't you let Logan take care of his own man?"

He looked down at her. His voice was slow and deliberate. "We were crossing Logan's range, the part that connects with ours, and passed a herd of horses. There was a killer horse with them. He charged me. Somebody yelled for me to shoot, but I couldn't. My horse reared and backed off to avoid him. That put Logan's man be-

tween us. The killer didn't care who he hit."

"If it weren't for that man you would have been hurt."

"If I could have shot well or even handled my horse, that man wouldn't be hurt," Peter slipped into the chair.

"And that's why you're so worried about taking care of him. You think you're responsible for what happened."

Peter lowered his head on his arms.

"Maybe you are. You went out this morning when you knew you hadn't recovered enough from the accident to be of use. Why did you go? Why? Why?

Silence, but suddenly the pieces began to fit together. She could see why he had given up a job in his father's office to come out here. She knew why he had insisted on buying a ranch. He has a reason for wanting to go out this morning. It wasn't to defend Logan's cattle. It was to defend himself. None of her plans to lure him away would work. She knew it now.

"He's sleeping now," Peter got up. You'll have to hurry."

"No, I won't be going," she said.

"Ann, you don't have to stay. I'll keep the man here until he's able to travel.

She looked at him. "My sister isn't that sick. My going wouldn't help her anyway."

"Well, if you think so," Peter turned and walked out of the kitchen.

Ann stood up. She shook out her apron and tied it around her waist.

Alone

Lost in a lake of loneliness
With a wordless heart,
Wanting to cry
But unable to start.

Gaiety and laughter
Have drained from my veins,
Parched like a desert
Craving for rains.

Colleen McGrath '63

My Two Worlds

Jan Cavanaugh '64

I live in two worlds. When I was born I entered the myopic world, and when I was eleven I became a member of the 20-20 world. My two worlds sound alike, and smell alike and feel alike, but they look completely different.

I didn't know that there was a 20-20 world until I was eleven when an optometrist prescribed glasses for me. As the day approached I felt like Columbus did before sighting the New Land. When my glasses arrived my mother and I drove into town to have them fitted.

The office was hot and the plastic seats stuck to our legs and backs; my pink sun-dress was a damp dish rag. A slovenly looking bald man and his wife waited and sweated in the little office-oven with us. Finally Dr. Morris came out and showed us into the inner office. He went into a side room as I sat at a shiny table in the corner. As he came back with my glasses, again I felt like Columbus did at the cry of "Land, ho!"

When Dr. Morris put them on, I looked in the mirror before me. I quickly licked off a few whiskers of chocolate milk that I hadn't seen before. It was me--the 20-20 me with glasses! And in the corner, watching and smiling, way my 20-20 mother. The 20-20 office was very different from the myopic office. Tiny pink flowers were sprinkled all over the wallpaper; they had been invisible in the myopic world. The floor was tile bricks and not smooth linoleum as before.

When I went into the waiting room, I looked at the light-haired man who wasn't bald any more, whose dirty spots were just shadows. The lady who was his wife became his teenage daughter. "Mother, I didn't know there was a big sign across the street," I gasped as I looked out the window. Everything was so clear; I could see people and dogs down below, and even their expressions.

All I could do was look--and look. All around me was a new world which had been there all the time, in front of my nose. Those two brown-framed pieces of glass were like the periscope of a submarine. The submarine was my myopic world, and I couldn't see the 20-20 world until I raised the periscope.

As we walked into the hall and down the stairs to the street, I had trouble hopping down the steps. I kept landing three inches above the floor and then falling the rest of the way. Everything seemed

a little closer than it was. Fortunately, the illusion was only temporary.

All the way home I chortled my new seeings. At last I could see airplanes in the sky. Now I really could see Range Rider and Cisco Kid on television. Now I wouldn't have to sit in the front row to see the blackboard. I could read signs across the street and recognize friends at a distance. My 20-20 world was a wonderful place to live!

And so I entered another world when I was eleven. I never left behind my old world, however. With a tug at my glasses, I can peer into the familiar myopic world again. The 20 - 20 world is a straight-forward, practical, and sharply clear world. The myopic world is a romantic, misty, and secretive world. Candle flame and starlit nights have an unsurpassed beauty in the myopic world, while the unforgettable expressions of a child at his first circus belong to the 20-20 world. I know--I live in two worlds.

Closet

Sandra Rogers '64

Closet,

So full of clothes,

Yet so empty every

Morning when I must choose my day's

Attire.

The Lion's Lament

Upon Daniel's second visit
to the den
and Habacuc's feeding him
therein

I'm sure I will be pardoned if I say
That things have gone a bit too far today.

I know mistakes will happen now and then
Among the rarest of the race of men,

But picture my position if you will,
As King of Beasts I have a niche to fill.

And though I do not as a rule exclaim
When meals are late, or tough, or plain,

Yet on our menu now we have a dish
Who though he looks and smells and seems delish,

Still for no reason I or others can explain
We cannot taste, and therefore I complain.

Three days and nights we've watched him sit and smile.
(Those endless hours we have fasted all the while).

And though we like a happy spirit in our den,
We'd rather crunch a tidbit -- now and then.

Weltschmerz

Crash the cymbals; sound the drums,
Make merry all and laugh,
No one cares what happens to me,
I'm just the fatted calf.

The sun was warm and days were green
When I was young and free,
But Sonny left his swine and husks,
And that's the end for me.

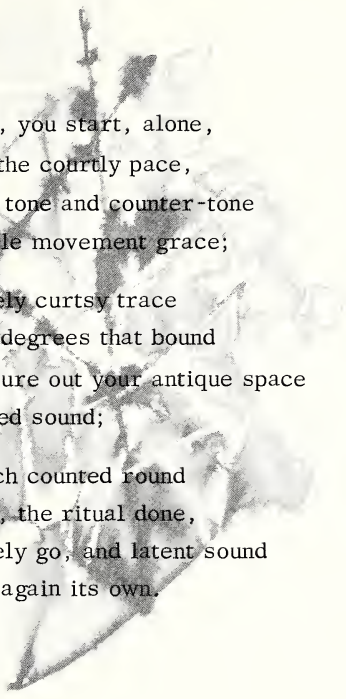
Why must it be that I'm the one
To fill the festive trenchers,
While dancing girls flit back and forth,
And Junior frets and censures?

Now that the prodigal son's come back,
We're in a tizzy all,
The others joke and live it up,
But I just stand and bawl:

Oh, crash the cymbals; sound the drums
And make merry all and laugh--
No one cares what happens to me,
I'm just the fatted calf.

Violetta Cliffe

"Pavane for a Dead Princess"



Soft, now, you start, alone,
To tread the courtly pace,
As muted tone and counter-tone
Each subtle movement grace;

With stately curtsy trace
The slow degrees that bound
And measure out your antique space
Of balanced sound;

Until, each counted round
Complete, the ritual done,
You gravely go, and latent sound
Receives again its own.

Helen Jaskoski '63

Otekwa and the Golden Birds

Charlotte Marx '64

It was early morning in the Niopi village of Kisantu Province. The metal bracelets on Otekwa's gaunt arms were warmed by the late summer sun that filtered through the thatched hut in which she slept. Her tired eyes blinked as she rolled over and sat up from the sleeping-mat. With additional effort, Otekwa rose to her worn knees to pray as she had been taught so long ago at the mission. "Oh God, grant me the strength to bear this day," she sighed. Directing her hand in the shape of a cross she stumbled to her feet.

The journey from the mission had been long and fatiguing for Otekwa. When she had reached her destination, she had quickly emptied the water gourd. Having entered the hut, she was soon given to sleep, and had remained in the same curled position until waking. This morning her tongue was again swollen with dryness. She tightened the dusty robe around her. Her feet and back tickled with yesterday's dirt. Once outside the hut, she recalled the direction of the water hole.

Otekwa shuffled along the path greeting hunched-back, withered friends. She remembered them as straight and handsome, and longed to stop and talk as they once did. There were many more children in the village now. Otekwa had played with the grandparents of these same children. Their parents, however, she did not know.

On the edge of the encamped village, the young Niopi warriors chanted in preparation for Bongonta, the funeral rite for chieftans. Wearing the usual wrap-round clothing of their tribe, dancers displayed tatooed arms and legs while swaying rhythmically to the chant. The somber song told of a beautiful girl who had been expelled from the big hut of a Niopi chief, for she was barren. In disgrace, she had left the village.

Otekwa knew this story well, but was surprised to hear it. She bowed her head, passing the singers. Their words pierced her heart and thoughts like a javelin striking an impalla.

Arriving at the water hole, she gulped her drink and rinsed the sweat from her wrinkled neck and brow. Pains crept across Otekwa's thin back as she leaned over to pull up the filled gourd. Large tanks at the mission eliminated this frequent chore of the village. Sitting to rest for a moment, she was interrupted by a group

of children returning from the grass plains. Each had gathered a handful of yellow keetches, the flowers Niopi widows place in their husband's graves.

The children greeted Otekwa politely, as a visitor to their village. Despite her coarse robe, she was given the respect called for by her silver arm bands and necklaces. She smiled, answering them in their common native tongue. But then, sorrow wiped the pleasure from her mouth. She had longed and prayed that she would be blessed with such children. Now, many years had passed since she shared the hut with her lost husband. He had taken many other wives after Otekwa and had had many children. Unable to bear the shame in the village, she had gone to the mission.

Watching the young girl next to her, she thought of her own happier days. The girl fingered the yellow keetche flowers just as Otekwa might once have done. Otekwa no longer thought of the keetches as little golden birds. She turned her wet eyes from the children as she hurried toward the village.

The vibrations of somber drums sounded through the village beginning the great ceremony. The young warriors, faces coated with orange and yellow ochre, moved with ritualistic decorum. Grave onlookers, seemingly hypnotized by the ostrich-feathered head pieces of the nimble dancers, chanted praises. Otekwa watched with deep respect and love. She did not join the other wives as they carried the keetches to the burial. Only the keen eyes of the most aged tribesmen witnessed their dead chief's childhood bride slipping from the crowd in the direction of her mission home.

Meditations After Trying to Go to Sleep With Head Two Inches Away From Leaking Faucet

Drip drop

dripdropdripdrop

My eardrums bounce each plop

Reverberating round my skull.

Drop STOP ! !

Anne Brennan '64

take back your bats and hot cider, Eastener

we have Halloween too

I

stick stacks
straw flax.
shivering sheaves
and aspen leaves dying.
black cats
and bats
with werewolf fangs
and flapping wings flying.
moon mellow
orange yellow.
harvested grain
and hollow plain sighing.
(is great east of the
Mississippi)

II

but west to the sea
to the sibilant sassafras Sea
an eerie
Torrey
creaking from the brine-white
bone of a cliff.
gulls screeching
and kelp reaching up
from the sinister slow wave.
a green moon
on a green Sea
is Halloween. to me.

Kathleen Earl '64